

the best part of my fortune, and his loving letters are more precious than his gifts. His brother, Ferdinand, writes equally often to me and with equal warmth. The French king invites me to Paris. The king of England (Henry VIII) writes to me often."

CHOOSE YOUR GUESTS.

By the Rev. A. Messler Quick.

Bar out the discord and the strife,
That turn to dregs the wine of life;
Let in the love that fosters peace,
And thoughts that sting and smart will cease.

Bar out the tempests who with wiles,
And robes of light the soul beguiles,
The advocates of truth let in,
They'll spur us on the goal to win.

Bar out deceit, distrust and hate,
To foes of light bar well the gate,
Unbar the door and welcome him
Who comes with love to dwell within.

Well-chosen guests we entertain
Will not be fellowship in vain,
The magic touch of Christian hearts,
A flow of living truth imparts.

Turn out the guests who faithless prove,
They'll sour and curd the sweetest love,
And welcome those who lineage trace
To birth anew, through wondrous grace.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE SENTINEL AND THE SCOUT.

By E. L. Byers.

What is related in the first four stanzas of the following poem was a matter of occurrence during the "Civil War," and was brought to light by the meeting of the persons concerned after peace was restored. In a company of travelers upon a Mississippi River steamboat, the sentinel sang the hymn, beginning "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The scout was present, and thought he must be the same who sang on that memorable night. Upon inquiry this was found to be true. The singer remembered well the time, and the sad, disconsolate feeling that prompted him to sing the prayer of his heart. The two armies were not far apart, and pickets were killed nightly. The scout, being a "dead shot," was sent to that sentinel's post to "pick him off," but upon hearing what he sang could not, although he had crept up very close to him and covered him with his gun. He withdrew unobserved as he had come, and never until they met upon that boat had told the story to mortal ears.

Theodore Noel, of Vitae fame, and an old Confederate, who was with Sibley's brigade in Arizona, says that the scout was living in Atascosa County, Texas, in 1875. His name was J. B. Bailey, and he belonged to Hood's brigade, and that the sentinel's name was John W. Wilson, and he lived at Akron, Ohio, in 1878.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"
Sang a sentinel one night
As he walked his lonely beat
In the waning moon's pale light.
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,"
Plaintively he sang and low,
For he felt that death was nigh.

"Cover my defenseless head"—
Softly on the still night air—
"With the shadow of thy wing,"
Sang he thus his sad heart's prayer.
Trustingly he sang the words,
Thinking only God would hear,
But the night winds wafted them
To a hidden foeman's ear.

Through the murky shades of night,
From a reconnoitering band,
There had crept a daring scout

To that picket's lonely stand;
And with sure, unerring aim
On his heart had drawn a bead,
When in suppliant tone he heard,
"Cover my defenseless head."

Down his deadly rifle came,
He himself a man of prayer
Could not take the life of one
Trusting in his Saviour's care.
Softly from his covert, then,
In the shadows he withdrew,
Leaving still that heart to beat,
Which he knew was brave and true.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"
In life's battle be thou nigh,
And amid its gathering gloom
"Let me to thy bosom fly."
When the final day is come,
When thou shalt to judgment bring.
"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing."
Madisonville, Texas.

Selections

WHAT THE KING OF GLORY DID FOR JIMMY SMITH.

Jimmy Smith in 1862 was the terror of his regiment. He could cause his officers more trouble to the square inch, could drink the most whiskey, swear the loudest, and fight the hardest of any man in his company.

One day quite a number of new recruits came to the regiment, among whom was a Methodist class leader. One of the first things this Methodist leader did upon reaching camp was to organize a prayer-meeting. And one of the first things that Jimmy Smith did upon hearing of this innovation was to resolve to break it up. With this purpose in view he called to his assistance two boon companions and started for the prayer tent to put his resolution into execution. The plan was to turn over a rail fence upon the praying band. Reaching the place of prayer, Smith and his companions were arrested by the sound of the leader's voice in earnest supplication.

"O God," said the voice, "bless these manly boys, who, although far from home, are not so far away as to be beyond the reach of mother's love, and of mother's prayers which still go up for them at morning, noon, and night, beneath the roof of the old childhood home. Some of the boys' fathers have fallen pretty low in morals and habits, but mother loves them just the same, and prays on, and hopes. O God, we beseech Thee, save them every one."

"Boys!" said Jimmy Smith, a great lump rising in his throat, "I guess we had better put off this job for another night."

And they went quietly back to their quarters, and the little company prayed on and never thought of danger thus so near.

Strange to say, Jimmy Smith passed a restless night. As he would drop into a fitful sleep, he would dream of mother and hear again that prayer, and then it would come to him how changed a man he was from what he used to be; for he had been quite a man at home, but he was mostly called "drunken Jim" and "rowdy Smith." He awoke the next morning with such depression on him that he felt he must have drink at once to drown his conscience and release him from his misery. Now the commissary of the regiment had been forbidden to sell him liquor of any kind, and the only way he could obtain it was by getting a pass and going to Alexandria and purchasing it. He accordingly went to his captain and asked for a pass, and was refused. After a little he went again, and the captain seeing

that he was depressed in spirits and seemed quite anxious to go, said to him:

"Smith, there is one thing I can say in your favor—you have always kept your word with me, and if you will promise not to touch a drop of liquor while absent from camp I will give you a pass."

Jimmy at first refused to comply with the terms, but the desire to get away from his companions became so strong that he finally made the promise, received his pass, and started for the city.

After getting a little way beyond the limits of the encampment there seemed to be two voices whispering in his ears. One voice said, "Get gloriously drunk, Jim; drown care; break your promise; have one more old rollicking day." The other voice said, "Go into the woods, Jim; make an effort to be a man; talk with God; remember mother and home." He turned into a wood, and sitting down beneath the shade of a tree, the voice whispered, "Kneel and pray; pray loud." A squirrel fluttering about caused a moment's hesitation, and then Jimmy Smith knelt and poured out his soul to God in confession of sin, in cries for help in his time of need, and for faith to believe the promises. And help came, and Jimmy rose to his feet a saved man.

He hastened back to camp to tell his captain of the change that had come to him, but not finding him in, went to the first lieutenant's tent, who was a Christian, and who said to Jimmy as soon as he saw him, "Smith, you are a converted man."

"I am," said Smith, "and I wish you to aid me with your prayers, that I may let my life speak well for God as my old life has for Satan."

Time went on—the terrible war closed—peace, sweet peace, came to heal the wounds that years of cruel strife had made. In the meantime Jimmy Smith had been called of God and set apart by the church for the office and work of the ministry, and had done good work in the Master's cause. God so stamped His image on Jimmy's face that the people seemed at sight to tell that he was an ambassador for Christ. The tones of his voice touched the tender chords of hearts, and the clasp of his hand was warm and helpful. Going on one occasion to talk with the workmen of a large foundry, the men excused themselves from shaking hands because they were so soiled. Jimmy then rubbed his hand upon an anvil until it looked like theirs, and then none refused to shake, and thus he won their hands and hearts.

But Jimmy Smith had never forgotten the owner of the voice that offered that prayer which had resulted in his reformation, and it so happened one summer day he came to the place where the class leader lived, and held a series of revival services. Of course, one of his first inquiries was for the man who had been so great a help to him, and he was grieved to learn that the man was now himself a perfect wreck. Trouble and loss had come to him, and in a weak hour he had taken to drink and was now a poor backslidden man. Then Jimmy resolved to try and do for that man what he had done for him. But the man avoided him, and managed to keep out of his sight. When he called where he lived, he had just gone out, and when he visited places where he was usually found, he was not there. Then, in despair, Jimmy asked God to send the man to him, and God did so.

One night, soon after his having left the matter with the Lord, as he got up to preach he spied his man way back in the farthest corner of the church, and he knew him, not-